

KHAKI COLUMN

"Somewhere in France"

Co. D, 138 Infantry, A. E. F.

Miss Inez Crank,

Dear Sister:—

I take the greatest of pleasure in writing you a few lines tonight. This leaves me well except a bad cold, and I hope when these lines reach you it will find you all well and enjoying life. I guess you that I had forgotten you by not writing for so long, but I haven't had time to write.

How is Papa and Grandmother getting along? Tell them hello and I would like to see them. Tell Leonard hello for me. I guess he has a fine crop this year. Tell Jean hello and for her to write for I sure would like to hear from her. Well I don't know much to write about tonight, and as my light is bad I will have to close for this time by saying answer soon and tell me all the news.

Love to all. From your brother,

Private George H. Preston,

Co. D, 138 Infantry,

An interesting letter has been received by Mrs. Tom Pollard, from her brother, Daniel Black.

"Somewhere in France"

Dear Sister:—

I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that Ollie and I are well and are both still together. Has mother ever received her letter I wrote her. Tell her not to worry over us for the war is over and we will soon be back home to stay. The war ended the second day after we landed.

France is a very pretty country, but there is no place like old Kentucky to me, we are in a town called British France, doctoring wounded horses brought back from the front. Tell the home folks that we are expecting to take Christmas dinner with them. I may get me a girl while I am here. They all wear wooden shoes. Well as I can't write much this time, I will close. Tell my girl hello for me, and tell her I am somewhere in France. Give my love to all in old Kentucky.

From your loving brother,

Daniel Black.

The following letter from Private John Homer Jennings, a Buena Vista boy, who is in a Hospital in France, was written to his friend, J. Wesley Lane.

Nov. 14th, 1918.

Dear Wesley:—

I suppose you have almost forgotten me and I know a line will again stir your memory.

How are you by now? I hope you are all well. I guess you had heard I had a Boche souvenir, through the left thigh. Well, he didn't get me anyway. I am getting along fine, have gotten able to be up on a pair of crutches, and go over the hospital.

I will be over to take dinner with you one of these days, as the day of victory has arrived as you all know over there, and I suppose you are all enjoying great times.

Well, I haven't seen Ben Naylor since the day before I was wounded. I wrote him and haven't heard from him as yet. He was in the engagement at the same time. If he writes to his folks write me if you please, I am anxious to hear from him in some way, and if I hear from him I will send you a card.

Old boy, how is everything anyway? I can't do much but write, and often I send to the operating room for material, and I roll bandages for amusement sake, then I read, and sometimes two of my pals, one from Missouri and one from Kansas sing some familiar songs. So you may imagine the times we have and then we celebrate peace by planning our trip home. I hope to hear from you soon, extend regards and best wishes to all and accept a choice share for yourself.

Your sincere friend,

Pvt. John Homer Jennings,

Co. K, 7th Infantry, A. E. F.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Irene Long, from her husband Private Sam Long, a Garrard County boy. He was wounded in action Nov. 11 and the letter below will be interesting to his many relatives and friends of this county. Somewhere in France, Nov. 16th, '18. My dear wife:—

I will write you a few lines to let you know I am getting along fine and hope you are the same. Well I guess you have heard about me getting shot, didn't you? But I am getting along fine now. I am in the Hospital and am now walking around. I got shot between my neck and shoulders. It don't hurt me much.

Well, I would like to see your sweet face again but I am most too far away, but I feel like I will get to come home before long. Oh, I will be so happy I won't know what to do. I would like to get there in time to take a good rabbit hunt.

Well, I am away back from the front now and I tell you I feel better too. I have been up there a good while. I don't hear no big guns now nor see no Germans, so I am doing fine.

Well darling there are 12 of us in one room and we are talking about what we have done and how lucky we were on the front. Oh my this is heaven here beside of where I have been, and I hope I won't have to go up there again. Darling, I wish you could see me now. I have on a Red Cross gown, and they call me a girl, but I don't care tho, just so I saved my life. This is one that aims to come back some day and I hope it won't be long. I have seen more than I can tell in five years, but it isn't nothing funny for I have seen a pretty hard time.

Well I hope that all of our people are well. I would like to see all of them. Now don't worry about me, the old man will come strolling in some of these days, and when I get there I am going to walk the streets of Richmond, so be good and don't forget me, I am the same old 7 and 6, ugly as a mud fence. May God be with you till we meet again. Will close, answer soon.

From your loving husband,
Private Sam Long,
Co. E, 128 Infantry, A. E. F.
A. P. O. 734.

The following letter to Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Barnett, was written them by their son, Asie Barnett, who is seeing service with the American Expeditionary Forces in France, and is quite interesting.

"Grave Reg., Sec. 311, A. P. O. 774,
A. E. F., Via New York.

Dear Mother, and all the folks at home:—

I guess you think I am never going to write again. I wrote you a letter a while back but I guess you didn't get it. I will try to write more from now on. I have only written one letter since I have been in France, and that one was to you. I haven't had any mail since I left Camp Johnson Fla., but guess I surely will get some in a few days as the mail has been following the boys. I am almost crazy to hear from home. I want you to write me two or three times a week and I will do the same, and then maybe it won't take so long to hear from home. Well I guess you all are located by now. How are the tobacco crops and how is it selling. I guess Oneal is walking and talking by now, I would give anything to see him. How is everything and everybody around McCreary? I guess all the boys are working for Uncle Sam by now. What is the war talk back there? I wish it would hurry and come to a close, so I could come back to the good old U. S. A. We get plenty to eat over here and they issue us Durham smoking tobacco. I was walking down the street the other day and a Red Cross car passed by and threw me off about 4 pounds of smoking tobacco. You bet I was sure glad to get it. It was the American Tobacco fund tobacco.

I haven't had a pay day since I have been over here but am expecting a two months pay soon. There isn't much to spend money for here. About all we can buy is tobacco and chocolate. Mamma, is Oscar still at Jefferson Barracks Mo.? I wrote to him while I was at Jacksonville Florida, but never did get any answer. Did you get my pictures, I sent you three or four. Mama I lost all the pictures I had with me. I had Emma Lois's and three girls from Tindal Mo., and several of mine. I would sure like to find them. I wish you would send me one of Oscar's pictures, if you have one to spare. Some of my friends here want to see it. Well I sure had a good time on the ship coming over here. We had lots to eat too. I didn't get much sick, but some of the boys very very sick. Mama, look at that group of soldiers pictures I sent you. That little Lieutenant died the other day of influenza. He was sure a fine fellow. I hated to give him up. Well as I don't know of any thing else to write, and it about mess time, I will close for this time and will write again in a few days. Hoping this finds you all well and I want you to write soon and often.

From your loving son,
Asie Barnett.

U. S. S. Stevens, Nov. 25th, 1918. My Dearest Mother and Sister:— We returned to Queenstown this morning after a nine-days absence (on a regular yachting trip) and was pleased to find three letters from you, dated October 25th, Nov. 1st, and Nov. 4th. And furthermore there were some very pleasing orders awaiting us, first, that all-censorship restrictions were removed on the 23d, that's why I've told you what I did above, and the reason I can relate what I have done lately; second, that that we are now in Queenstown for the next five days for boiler cleaning. Also there were rumors galore, the ones in which everyone was most interested were to the effect that most of the destroyers would shortly return to the States. Though there is no substantial reason for believing this, I do nevertheless, tho I have a vague presentiment that I shall not be at home for a while yet. However, please don't let my imaginings disturb you. If I do come back on the Stevens, it will be at the head of the destroyer force, for our captain is senior destroyer captain here. I should take considerable pride in that.

Since the armistice was signed, we have been lying in the harbor here doing "just nothing at all". Then the C. in C. here, (Com. in Chief, Queenstown) granted to the Stevens, Downes, Balch, and Duncan, liberty to visit Belfast for four days, and Holyhead, (a little port in Wales) for four days. We left here on the 15th and struck out up the southern coast of Ireland at a leisurely pace with all the lights burning—the FIRST time the Stevens has ever burned lights when not in an harbor behind submarine nets.

Arriving in Belfast the following morning, liberty was given to as many of the crew as possible and to all officers except the one having the duty, and the American Navy had full possession of Belfast the remainder of the time we were there. Fully enjoyed every day, for Belfast is more like an American city than any I have yet seen over here, and the people most hospitable. There were numerous invitations to dinners, teas, etc.

On the first day I followed the beagles with Callaghan at the invitation of a Major Leathe, but saw only one hare the whole afternoon, tho we walked and ran fully ten or twelve miles cross-country. I was not nearly so stiff the following morning as I expected to be. Belfast is famous for her large shipbuilding yards and linen mills; the Titanic, Britannic and nearly all the White Star Liners were built there. On the 19th, (my birthday, tho I did not remember it at the time) our officers were shown thru the yards of workman, Clark and Co. Ltd. and the same day taken thru the Henry Maiter Linen Mills. Both trips were extremely interesting. Rode thru the business section of town and noted the similarity to the business houses of one of our Middle Western cities.

Knowing that there is nothing at all in Holyhead from having been there twice before, I got permission to go to Liverpool for a day—that was all the time I could get, or I should have gone to London. I have grown so accustomed to things English by this time that I'm afraid that I shall not think to write you of customs one notices when he first arrives. I have never become used to these trains with their 1st, 2nd and 3rd class compartments, and the funny little coaches and engines. The service is rotten because of the war, they say.

My appointment as Junior Lieut. came over today from the flagship when we arrived, and was given a fitting welcome by me.

To have been as near as I was to the place of surrender of the submarines and of the German Fleet and not to have seen either will always remain a great disappointment to me. It must have been a great sight indeed, something which happens only once in a century. From time to time I intend to write you of things I have seen and done over here, reserving the most choice tales that you may hear them from my own lips. I must close for this time for I haven't written a letter since we were in here last time, and I "owe" several. I promise that you'll hear real soon.

I am glad that Grandpa is still as well as could be expected. My love to him and tell him I think of him real often, especially in connection with those rides of Sept. 1917. With lots and lots of love, from
Your son and your brother,
Lucien M. Grant.

A Safe Test.

For those who are in need of a remedy for kidney troubles and backache, it is a good plan to try Doan's Kidney Pills. They are strongly recommended by Lancaster people.

W. M. Zanone, Crab Orchard St., Lancaster, says: "My kidneys were irregular in action and the kidney secretions contained sediment. I had pains through my back and sides and after I stooped over, I could hardly straighten up. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they completely relieved me of all the trouble." (Statement given February 6, 1912.)

On November 17, 1916, Mr. Zanone said: "I gladly confirm all I said in my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. I have very little trouble with my kidneys now, but when I do, I can depend on Doan's Kidney Pills, for they always relieve me."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Zanone had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Bastin's Suburban

FARM LAND

AND

CITY PROPERTY

At Absolute Auction

ON BEAUTIFUL RICHMOND STREET in LANCASTER, KENTUCKY

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28,

AT 10:30 A. M.

LAND

40 ACRES OF BEST IMPROVED LAND FRONTING HAMILTON AVENUE, ABOUT 50 YARDS OFF RICHMOND STREET, 25 ACRES SOWN TO WHEAT AND TIMOTHY, TEN OR TWELVE ACRES TO GO IN TOBACCO, BALANCE TO CORN OR OTHER CROPS.

Not one foot of waste land, and the improvements thereon cannot be duplicated for \$5000, consisting of 5 room dwelling, large newly built stock barn, box stalls, three floored lofts, two sheds for feeding cattle or mules, large concrete SILO, one dandy smaller building 40 x 40, suitable for stock, one large newly built 8 acre tobacco barn; city lights and water cut in on premises; everlasting spring. Only a small portion of this tract in city limits. No flat or wet spots, gently rolling. Take an inventory of any real estate around Lancaster that is comparable to this, price it if it can be bought, then attend this sale and get a bargain.

TERMS: One-fourth down January 1st, 1919, and balance in 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Think of it: Own a home and pay for it just like rent.

Richmond Street Residence.

This is the H. V. Bastin residence; it is an 8 room modern dwelling with closets, hallways, lights, water, bath, FURNACE, garage, and a rich garden spot, is situated just beyond Hamilton Avenue, on the same side of Richmond Street, and thus couples nicely with the above tract of land to be sold.

TERMS on the latter \$2000 cash, (or good notes) January 1st, 1919 and balance to suit purchaser.

Certainly better property was never offered publicly and on such liberal terms.

We will offer the acreage in separate boundaries and then as a whole **DON'T FORGET THE DATE AND HOUR AND BE THERE OR YOU WILL WISH YOU HAD.** Mr. A. H. Bastin, H. V. Bastin or the undersigned will show you the property any time before day of sale.

The D. A. THOMAS REALTY AGENCY

LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.